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THE GAMESTER.

AND what brought thee hither? said the dissipated Henry Lovemore, to the pensive Jessey, as he approached the door of her cell: unveil thy face, if it be as lovely as thy form is elegant, hard must be the heart that wounded thine—Approaching to unveil her, a respectable matron interfered, saying, "This, Sir, must not be; I am well rewarded for my care of this young lady—brought here by a gentl-man, who, calling himself her father, warned me, as I wished my mind easy on my last bed, to be tender to his child.—I present her to you," she continued "veiled; it is her desire and mine that her face should never more be seen; her real name must not be known—call her therefore Jessey.—Many ladies and gentlemen, Sir, visit these mournful confines; and it is not by her permission only, but request, that the door of her cell is sometimes left open, that she may hold melancholy converse with those on whom she pleases to bestow her attention. You, Sir, seem to attract her regard—speak to her for she is not offended;"—Harry felt his heart softened—he asked pardon of the bewildered innocent; who told him with a voice of inexpressible softness---it was granted---at the same time, she turned to a table, and opening a small casket, took from

thence a lock of hair, and presenting it to her gay, but heart-touched visitor; "Take," said she, "this ringlet intended for one by whom I once thought myself beloved, and remember that it was given thee by the pensive Jessey, who, deserted by reason and abandoned by him she loved, gave up her harrassed imagination to the keeping of melancholy and hopeless sorrow. Alas, Sir! wide are the realms of misery, and many are her children who roam thereon. You have little reason to wish to see my face, where the winter of neglect has destroyed the roses of health, and the frost of unkindness has shortened my existence;---but to the grave I look forward as a refuge from the storms I have endured."---Harry felt himself affected, and replied, "Why this romantic flight? descend to common life and common terms, that we may converse with greater ease." "Common life, and common terms!" cried the hapless girl, "how you have mistaken my fate!---Uncommon has been my life, and hard have been the terms on which I have seen the light;---few in number have been my years,---yet the stings of affliction have rendered my existence gloomy and forlorn."---Harry wept,---"Tell me, he cried, unhappy maiden, if it is in the power of him who has once claimed your regard, by sorrow and contrition, by love and affection, to re-

store you to life and to yourself; or has his unkindness utterly undone thy peace for ever?" Here Jessej uttered a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "I fear my doom is fixed!—but why, Sir, these questions and this attention? Have a care: by thus commiserating the fate of the hapless Jessej, you will only add to the trouble of her mind; and would you wish still more to afflict the unfortunate?" "No" returned Harry, deeply sobbing; "I am, notwithstanding appearances, myself unfortunate; and my mind, like thine, poor maid, is bewildered and distressed." "Indeed!" said the gentle Jessej, "then sit down by me, and tell me all your sorrows, without reserve. Regard not the presence of Mrs. Herbert, to whose kindness I owe much, and she loves me as a child,—for I am only melancholy, and do no harm to any one. What you relate shall go no farther, and as I feel a wish to learn your story, will you deny her, who, when you are gone, will pray that your peace may be restored?" "Dear young lady," cried the afflicted Harry, "if my short history can any way serve to divert your sorrows, and break their force by participation, gladly would I visit the amiable Jessej, with her to utter the mutual sigh, abstracted from the gay world, where all my hopes have been wrecked:—But, gentle maiden, indiscretion and folly have completed my ruin, and the tumults of my mind, are not, like thine, allayed by the consciousness of innocence. Bred in the gay school of fashion and levity, I was early initiated in all the follies that stain the characters of many, who boasting the advantages of birth and fortune, pursue a conduct that at once stains the one, and renders the other a curse instead of a blessing. Oh, Jessej! I once loved, and was again beloved:—Emilia Stanhope possessed a mind rich in every mental charm, and descended from a family ancient and honorable. I was on the point of calling the lovely Emilia mine; when by indulging a fatal propensity for play, I was the evening before our intended marriage, rash and wicked enough to hazard my estate at —, on the turn

of a fatal dye!—I lost it, and at one moment, saw myself stripped of wealth and affluence, and reduced to the condition of a private gentleman. I immediately buried myself far down in the country; ashamed to own my folly, and still too just to impose myself, a poor ruined gamester, on an honorable family, I did not then consider on the cruel effects my conduct might have on her who had loved me but too well. I had at the time I was mad enough to lose my all in the manner I have related, an uncle, nearly at the point of death, and as a discovery of my rashness might utterly have undone me with him, I obtained a promise from the winner of my fortune, to keep the matter a secret—he has not betrayed me—my uncle is since dead—I am again recalled to fortune and affluence, but my peace is gone for ever; for on the instant I could again appear to claim my loved Emilia, I hastened to her father to own my crime, and petition forgiveness:—but alas! I knew not the heart I had wounded. I found the wretched father in the course of a few short months sunk to a mere shadow of his former self—he forgave me indeed:—but told me that his child had, at her own request, immured herself from the world.—But, Oh! Jessej, this much injured gentleman would not inform me where I might once more see her, whose remembrance will for ever live in a heart that will never own another: It may, he said, be considered as a false pride in me, but I could no more bear the disgrace of that, never to be forgotten day, of your mysterious and cruel absence, than my poor child could support the shame of neglected and affronted love. That child, Lovemore, is now a voluntary recluse, nor will any but her father behold her face again." As soon as Lovemore had finished his affecting relation, Jessej took him by the hand, and leading him to the glass—"This mirror," said she, "has the power of restoring to thy faithful heart, the perfect resemblance of the object beloved. Assure me that your heart is true to what you have uttered, that Emilia is the only object of your atten-

tion, and you shall instantly witness its power, and view that form whose absence you lament." "Whatever may be your meaning, my amiable Jessey, or if what you have uttered be only the effusion of your elegant fancy, I appeal to heaven for the truth of all you have heard me utter." On this assertion, the amiable and hitherto afflicted girl, withdrew her veil, and discovered to the enraptured Lovemore not only the image, but turning round, he clasped the real, the restored Emilia Stanhope.

Mrs. Herbert immediately sent a message to her honored parent;—mutual vows of love and forgiveness were exchanged in his presence. Mr. Stanhope was again cheered with health and happiness, and lived many years blessed in his children.—Go ye, who sport your thousands, and take example from Harry Lovemore!

The following article, from a Petersburg (Vir.) paper on the late Summer, will be read, no doubt, with some interest, by the lovers of Natural Science.

ON THE COLD OF THE LATE SUMMER.

Few phenomena, have occurred, more difficult to be explained, than the long period of cold weather, which the habitable world has experienced in the present year. Several writers in the public papers suppose that this season is out of the ordinary course of things; because say they, the climate of Europe, and consequently the American climate has grown warmer than it formerly was on account of the woods being cleared away; the morasses dried up and the sun acting with more power.

So far as the climate is affected by the heat of the sun, these writers may be correct. But it is well known, that the sun is only one of three causes which act upon the temperature of the atmosphere. The other two, upon which the heat of climates depends, are,

1st. The internal heat of the earth.

2d. The circulation of the electrical fluid through the atmosphere, and over the surface of the earth.

As respects the first we know of no greater agent in affecting the general temperature of the air than the internal heat of the earth itself. Where the sun annihilated, the heat would still remain. That this heat is derived from a very different source than the sun, is a fact which innumerable experiments made in various parts of the world have long established. It has been positively ascertained, as can be proved by the *Journal des Phasique of Delametherie* and other authors on the natural history of the earth, that a certain depth below the surface, the heat, at the same place is nearly stationary during the course of the year; but in a series of years this heat has been found to decrease.

2d. The internal heat of the earth in the same latitude, is found to be greater in the eastern hemisphere than in the western.

3d. The internal heat of all latitudes higher than 20d. of north latitude, is more than the internal heat of all corresponding latitudes south of 20d. south latitude.

4th. It is calculated, that upon an average over the globe, this internal heat has diminished five degrees of Fahrenheit in the last thousand years.

5th. At a greater depth than those strata of the earth of which the temperature is uniform during the year, the internal heat not only increases, but is found to be much more variable; so that this point below the surface of the earth, where the heat is stationary for the period of a twelve-month, may be regarded as a point where the power of the sun causes to operate. According to this theory of a gradual diminution of the internal heat of the globe, a theory which seems to be founded upon experiment, it follows that there was a period, when the polar zones were equally habitable as the temperate zones of the present day.

There are a number of historical facts which appear to confirm the same theory.

1st. East Greenland, or as it is now termed, lost Greenland, which several centuries ago was the residence of many hundred Russian families, is no longer accessible, and it is more than probable

that this country which was once the abode of the human species now lies buried in snow and serves as the basis of immense mountains of ice.

2d. The history of the antiquities of Iceland, proves that the population of this island, must have been at one period at least four times its present population.

3d. The *Amaenitates Academicæ*, a work upon the natural history of Sweden; printed by a society of which Linnæus was at the head, demonstrates in the most satisfactory manner, that the climate of Sweden in ancient times, was much milder than at present. In a memoir published by the academy of arts at Stockholm, on Swedish fossils, it is asserted that in the neighbourhood of Upsal, the skeletons of several animals of the torrid zone have been discovered.

4th. In the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, there are innumerable evidences preserved, of the great antiquity and population in former times of the northern countries of Europe.

With respect to Italy, the climate of which is said by some writers, to be warmer now than formerly; there are several arguments which may be advanced to the contrary. The falling of snow is a phenomenon, which has taken place even at Rome many times in the last century. The Lake of Como, at the southern extremity of which Pliny had his residence, appears never to have been frozen in the lifetime of that writer. Scarcely a year now passes without part of the Lake freezing. Pliniana, the very spot where Pliny used to retire in the months of summer and autumn, at present the seat of a Milenese nobleman, is situated at the foot of immense rocks and mountains, which for three months in the year are covered with snow.

The inhabitants of all the alpine regions in Switzerland, Savoy, the Grisons, the north of Italy and Spain, agree that by the annual increase of the Glaciers, the fields capable of cultivation are diminished, that the winters are lengthened, and the summers shortened.

But the long period of cold weather, which we have experienced during the

past summer appears to us to have been caused more by the absence of the usual circulation of the electrical fluid, than either a deficiency in the heat of the sun, or of that which we receive from the internal heat of the earth.

In a paper of great merit published by Doctor Stukely, upon earthquakes, in the philosophical transactions of London between the years 1780 and 1770, for we have not the volumes by us; it is shown, that whenever the electrical fluid circulates, heat is produced. That whenever there is an equilibrium of that fluid for any length of time between the surface of the earth and the atmosphere, the temperature of the air is much lower than in its usual state. That the circulation of the electrical fluid, is uniformly productive of thunder and lightning; and that the absence of these natural phenomena, is a certain indication of equal distribution of electricity over the surface of the earth and in the atmosphere; as also of cold weather.—Earthquakes, according to the Doctor's theory, take place after the electrical fluid is very unequally diffused, and when by some cause the equilibrium is restored: so that an earthquake may be compared to an electrical shock of great magnitude. Earthquakes which have extended their influence over an immense part of the globe, he says, have been always preceded by a long track of warm weather, and followed by a period of cold weather. Thus in the season of the great earthquake in London, all vegetables were uncommonly forward; but the succeeding season was later and colder, than any which had been known for many years.

The same hypothesis was advanced by signior Beccaria, but independently and without knowing anything of Dr. Stukely's theory. Dr. Priestly likewise seems to incline to the same opinion.

With respect to the cold of the present year, and how far this theory of Dr. Stukely can reasonably be employed to account for it, it is to be recollected that three preceding years have been remarkable for earthquakes in various parts of the globe; more universal

and terrible in their effects than any which have been recorded for several centuries.—More have taken place for the last nine months; and there has been also an entire absence, with the exception of a few trifling thunder showers, of the usual phenomena of thunder and lightning so frequent during the months of summer and autumn.—Although we have had several severe hail storms, yet we have not had any thunder storm meriting that appellation; vegetation also has been extremely backward. In short, all these phenomena which result from the circulation of the electrical fluid, appear to be dormant. The beautiful appearance which those small meteors, called shooting stars, display in a serene sky, we do not recollect to have witnessed this season. All nature seems to declare that electricity, the great agent of heat when in a state of motion, is equally diffused at present through her system; and that no part either possesses a superfluity, or labors from a deficiency of that extraordinary and mysterious fluid. The earthquakes of the last years have produced this remarkable equilibrium, and we may calculate that several summers will yet pass away, before this equilibrium is destroyed; and the usual quantum of heat necessary for vegetation will again be generated.

Delametherie in his theory of the earth, (vol 3, page 391) demonstrates in the most rigid manner, that the effects of the sun upon the earth, only differ in different places, according to the latitude; and that all places under the same parallel of latitude must be equally heated. The heat of the sun however varies in the course of the year under the same latitude from the following causes. 1st. The sun's altitude above the horizon. 2d. The intensity of rays, which varies with his altitude, on account of the extent of atmosphere through which they have to pass. 3d. His distance from the earth. 4th. The period of time which the sun remains above the horizon.

The striking variations of temperature in different places under the same pa-

rallel of latitude on this continent, is a sufficient proof that there are other causes for heat than the sun. Lexington in Kentucky is nearly in the same parallel with the city of Richmond. Virginia is not only an old country and well cleared of woods when compared to Kentucky, but lies upon the ocean, all of which causes ought to operate in making Richmond warmer than Lexington; whereas the reverse is known to be the case, and that the mean height, of the thermometer taken throughout the year, is several degrees more at Lexington than at Richmond. There is another great cause from which we ought to have inferred, that the temperature of the atmosphere is greater in Richmond than in Lexington; viz. the difference of the situation of the two places above the surface of the sea. The city of Richmond is built adjacent to tide water; whereas, according to the calculation made by Mr. Volney, the town of Lexington is elevated at least twelve hundred feet above the sea.

THE TATTLER.

“For human weal Heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor speak our dreams in vain.”

YOUNG.

I laid down my book in disgust, irritated at the perusal of the numerous instances of disappointment and suffering, which female excellence seems doomed to experience, and which my author had just been describing. Is it not enough, said I, that man must suffer all the tortures of misery, and all the degrees of unhappiness and want? He is able to support the evils of life, and encounter the obstacles which oppose him in its progress. But why should the softer sex, endeared to him by their weaknesses, be also exposed to calamity, and made acquainted with misery? The idea haunted me all the evening, nor did sleep bury in its forgetfulness the subject on which I had been reflect-

ing. The following thoughts occurred to me in a dream, and believing they may produce some benefit, I give them to the world.

Methought I was suddenly invested with a supernatural commission to hear and redress, or where redress was impossible, to comfort the minds of those females who had sustained injuries—to alleviate or change their condition, and afford to all the happiness to which they were entitled. My powers of doing good, the time of its continuance, and the good I should do, were limited to this life; but satisfied with their extent, I was eager to dispense my benefits. I immediately entered a temple made for the purpose, over the door of which was written in large letters, "*A sanctuary for hearing and redressing female disappointments, injuries and troubles.*"

I had been seated but a few moments before the arrival of several visitants, convinced me I should have employment, and the appearance of many more, induced me to call for a general silence, and attend to their requests. Restraint was banished, and each relation was marked by the greatest ingenuousness and freedom. The first who advanced was a young lady, of a lively and agreeable appearance, who addressed me as follows;—"From the nature of your office, as well as from my own feelings, I am induced to be explicit, though I hope I shall not be tiresome. I have had repeated hopes, and have as often been disappointed. If I am now without a husband, the fault is not mine. I have practised every method which modesty would warrant—I have learnt all the fashionable employments of the day—dancing and music have been taught me by the best masters.—I have studied the French language—and am a tolerable proficient with my pencil: dress though has been my first care, and I have appeared with all the attractions which dress could afford—I have not been unmindful of my smiles, or to whom I bestowed them; and even an appearance of sadness when I thought it would cause inquiry, or excite affection, has not been omitted. Such have been

the means I have used, you know their result: how now shall I proceed?" Having concluded her address, she retired to make room for another who was approaching. "I have," said she, "just entered my eighteenth year, my fortune is large, and my beauty, (for I am called hand-some,) draws around me a swarm of admirers. I am killed with attention and civilities, but if I was not rich I should have less. Pray inform me how I can discriminate between an affection for my property, and for my person and merit?" Next appeared one, whose countenance was somewhat marked by melancholy, and even an air of sorrow. "I acknowledge," said she, "that during my younger days, I was guilty of playing the coquet, striving to raise admiration, and gain lovers. I had my fun—I delighted in my coquets—and exulted in the misery which I was inflicting. I had always a train of gallants who were ambitious of my company. Adonis, whom I most loved, and who was most sincere, I could have married and been happy; but he at length suspected me of artifice, and retired. Edwin, handsome and bewitching, was afterwards a candidate for my favors; suffice it to say, I loved him, and loved him too with all a woman's fondness; but he only elicited a passion, in order to disappoint me. He had observed my acts, and was successful in catching me in my own toils. I have now lost the beauty and vivacity which once secured me attention: assist me in securing a partner for life."

I was struck with the figure and appearance of the nymph, who, as her friend took her seat with those, who had addressed me, was advancing to relate her story. She approached and said:—"I am not one of those young ladies who have no other claim to respect and esteem but beauty and riches, though I trust I am not deficient in either. I early took a different method to ensure regard. I visited the sick, and sought every opportunity to relieve wretchedness—I became familiar with scenes of misery, and exerted every means to alleviate it. I have always

encouraged the spirits of desponding hope, and delighted to render assistance to the comfortless. If I have not concealed the objects of my charity, or if I have gloried in relating the services I have done, there is no harm in it. But in addition to these virtues, I pride myself on being able to manage domestic concerns, and superintend the cares of a family, (you understand me,) and performing with honor, all the duties of a wife—I have not passed my life without reading neither; all the best poets, and modern novels, I have read with attention." She was going to her seat, but suddenly turned about, and said she had almost forgot to tell me she could sing sweetly. I nodded assent, and was going to rise and dispense my service and consolation, when I was awoken by the thumping of the servant at the door, who was calling me to breakfast.—*Gleaner.*

"From the amiable or elevated character, as it falls under our view, we may catch the love of virtue, or the glow of emulation."

The following account of the death and interment of the Christian Philanthropist.

RICHARD REYNOLDS,

is taken from a late Bristol, (Eng.) paper.

"In our last Journal it was our melancholy task to record the removal of the good, the illustrious Richard Reynolds from this vale of tears, to join 'the spirits of the just made perfect.' It is now our more pleasing duty to notice the spontaneous testimonies of respect to his memory, which all ranks of our fellow citizens evinced on the occasion of his funeral. On Tuesday last, soon after eight o'clock in the morning about five hundred boys from the Benevolent Schools of St. James and St. Paul, and the Lancasterian School, formed in two open columns, extending from each side of the good man's late dwelling, across St. James's square. On the appearance of the remains of the deceased, the boys pulled off their hats and stood uncovered 'till the procession had passed. Their

youthful artlessness formed a pleasing contrast to the sorrowful countenances of the surrounding poor, who filled the area of the square, and lined the streets, eager to testify their last tribute of respect to their common benefactor. Most of the shops in the streets through which the procession passed were shut up. In the characteristic and primitive simplicity of the Funeral of a Friend, all is natural, solemn and impressive. About seventy relatives of the deceased followed in mournful procession, who were joined by many males and females of the Society of Friends, and also by above three hundred of the most respectable of our fellow citizens of various religious denominations, in mourning; among whom we noticed Aldermen Daniel Fripp and Birch, Mr. Sheriff Barrow, and other members of the Corporation; Joseph Butterworth, esq. M. P.; several of the resident Clergymen and Dissenting Ministers of different persuasions; the gentlemen of the Committees of the Bible Society, the Infirmary, the Dispensary, the Samaritan, the Prudent Man's Friend, and the British and Foreign School Societies; the Orphan Asylum, the Blind Asylum, the Benevolent Schools of St. James and St. Paul, the Penitentiary, the Stranger's Friend, the Friend in Need, and of several other Charities; of many of which, 'till within a few months of his decease, Mr. Reynolds was an active member and liberal benefactor. To the credit of the attending thousands, the strictest decorum and silence were maintained. Amidst the tolling of several of our church bells, the procession reached the grave-yard of the Friend's Meeting-House in the Friars, in Rosemary street; where, after placing the remains of the deceased over the grave, a solemn stillness, a silence that might be felt, ensued. Several male and female Friends, in orderly and timely succession, addressed the spectators, reminding the survivors of the vanity of all things below; warning them not to put their trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God—after the example of their deceased friend, to evidence

their faith by their works, disclaiming all merit in them; considering themselves but as stewards, who must soon render an account of their stewardship, and be accepted by the Father through the alone merits of the Son, and the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. These devotional services were closed with a very fervent and appropriate prayer—that our heavenly Father who had seen fit to remove this eminent almoner of his bounty, would in his good providence, raise up many of kindred spirit among the rich to fill up the chasm occasioned by his removal, and that in his abundant care of the poor he would provide for their every want—teaching them how to bear the present trials of poverty without murmuring, and sanctify all his dispensations to their souls—ascribing all the glory of the great example his servant had set them to the one God—Father, Son, and Spirit—who is worthy of all praise and adoration. Thus was the memory of the just embalmed in the sighs, in the tears, and in the prayers of his friends and fellow citizens of every name; who it is understood mean to wear mourning for one month. It was in the faith and hope of the glorious truth of that Divine Revelation, to the circulation of which he so zealously contributed, and which he was earnestly desirous that all might be able to read, that this Christian Philanthropist lived and died.—Thus adding another proof to those daily exhibited of the ennobling influence of faith in the Son of God.

* The Rev. John Owen, in his History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, says "The author has no apprehension of offending those whom he is reluctantly compelled to pass over in silence, by mentioning the venerable name of RICHARD REYNOLDS, Esq. as one of those individuals to whose liberal, active, and persevering philanthropy, the Bristol Auxiliary Bible Society, of which he is so great an ornament and benefactor, owes its earliest and latest obligations.

Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.

THE REFLECTOR.

By the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, on the death of D. Sears, esq., who lately died at Boston.

"There is but a step between me and Death."

Though the certainty of death, and the uncertainty when it may happen, are universally acknowledged, yet mankind seem but little imprest with the awful event, which is soon effaced from their memories. The anguish we feel for the loss of our dearest relatives is but of short duration, and is succeeded by no unpleasing melancholy, which arises from the recollection of their virtues.

That our sorrows should be thus temporary and transient, is wisely ordained; Since perpetual grief would render us unhappy to ourselves, and useless to others; and never ceasing regret for the dead, would disqualify us for discharging our duties to the living. Let us then reflect on the shortness and precarious nature of human life, and on the certainty of that inevitably decree, which has ordained unto all men, once to die.

How frequent are the strokes of death! How numerous are its victims! Thousands perish ere they are born.—Numbers barely behold the sight of heaven, before they leave it. Some perish at the breast; and many in the bloom of youth, and vigor of manhood, are followed by their afflicted parents to the grave; others live to a more advanced period.

Since then life is so short and uncertain, let us seriously meditate on futurity. In the silence of the night, and the retirement of solitude, let us consider our latter end. Let us seriously ask ourselves, whether we could appear before the tribunal of our Judge with any hopes of acquittal on the last day? Let us review our past actions, and compare them with the laws of God. If we have wasted our precious moments in vain and fruitless pursuits, if we have been guilty of any crime with which our conscience reproaches us, let us repent and amend, imploring forgiveness from our heavenly Father through the mer-

cies of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer.

If your life has been habitually wicked, can you expect by a few sighs and tears, to expiate the guilt of years, in a moment? Be careful then to abstain from all evil, and preserve a conscience void of offence, towards God and Man. Review at night the transactions of the day, and whatever duty you have neglected, whatever sin you have committed, offer up to the throne of grace your prayers for pardon, and resolve to offend no more; so you will find rest unto your souls, so you will be enabled to depart in peace and to exclaim with the well founded confidence of a good man, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Firm belief in the christian religion, and full reliance on the promises of the Gospel, are the most certain security against the terrors of death. It must, however, be acknowledged, that it is almost impossible to leave this world without casting a longing, lingering look behind, on those who are dear to us. We are endowed by our great Creator with sensibilities, and formed for mutual attachments, and connexions. We have affections to indulge and hearts to bestow. Severe are the pangs of separation. But the christian, though he may feel the keenest anguish and regret, will not sorrow like those who have no hope.

But the great use of all discourses of this kind is, to induce those who yet live, to think on the one thing needful, and to consider their latter end; and happy would it be for us all if we adopted this wise conduct. Are not instances perpetually occurring, of sudden and unexpected death? Are not persons in their full strength, carried off in a moment? They probably dreamed no more of such an event than you do now. Who then in his right senses, will, on the presumption that his life may yet be spared, defer the necessary preparation when his eternal happiness is at stake!

Is it not high time then to examine your hearts? Shall day after day, year after year, roll over your heads in thoughtless

indifference or unexecuted resolutions? Shall we think of nothing but the present—design nothing but how to live easily here, when we know not but the very next moment may send us to our account? What event was ever less expected than that which we are assembled to lament, when a man yet unimpaired by the infirmities of age, and in the midst of usefulness, has been cut off by a sudden stroke?

(Here follows a very excellent character of Mr. Sears.)

But let us not grieve as those which have no hope: for it is appointed, say the Scriptures, unto all men, once to die. Let us then prepare ourselves for the awful event, by a life of righteousness, and by a firm and unalterable belief in a future state.

MODES OF SALUTATION,

AMONG VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE Islanders, near the Phillippines, take the hand, or foot of him whom they salute, and with it gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. Dampier says, that at New Guinea, they are satisfied to put on their heads the leaves of the trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. Many salutations are incommodious and painful; it requires great practice to enable a person to be polite in an island situated in the straits of the sound. Houtman tells us, that they saluted him in the following grotesque manner. They raised his left foot which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence to his face." The inhabitants of the Phillippines use a more complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air, with their knee bent. The Negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions; and hence all their ceremonies are farcical. The greater part of them pull their fingers till they crack. Snellgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy the king of Dahoney sent him;

the ceremony of Salutations consisted of the most ludicrous contortions. When two Negro Monarchs meet, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger. Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmenta, (says Athenæus) would shew a particular mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented, for the beverage of their friend, the blood as it flowed. The Franks tore the hair from the head and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair and offered it to his master. The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences, and these are the most remarkable postures: the men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on their breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bend their face to the earth; and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ from the sentiment of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be very ridiculous. It arises from natural affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

VARIETY.

THEATRE PUFFING.

From a late English Paper.

Yesterday Mrs. B. ———, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft and lovely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, in the bewitching, melting, and all fearful character of Isabella. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this star of Melpomene, this comet of the

stage, this sun in the firmament of the muses, this moon of blank verse, this queen and princess of tears, this despot of the poisoned bowl, this empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol and dagger, exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all description. She was nature; she was the most exquisite work of art; she was the very daisy, primrose, tuberosa, wall flower, and calliflower too, sweet briar, furze blossom, gilliflower and rosemary. In short, she was the very bouquet of Parnassus. Several fainted before the curtain drew up—the very fiddlers in the orchestra blubbered like hungry children for their bread and butter; 109 ladies fainted, 46 went into fits, and 95 had strong hysterics. The world will hardly credit the assertion, that fourteen children, five old women, a one handed sailor, and six common council men were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries and boxes, to increase the briny flood in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that situation, up to their ancles in tears. Nature, surely, in one of her humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, and in one of her sorrowing years, made this human lump of clay perfect.

“I am astonished,” said an intelligent Turk, “that the Americans should send a fleet to compel the surrender of slaves in our possession, when in their own country, they keep thousands of Africans in bondage; they had better clean their hands before they lift them towards Heaven.”

SALMAGUNDI.

An Italian dish, or hotch-potch of several sorts of cold meat. This word had its origin from Catharine de Medicis, of France, whose head cook's name was Gondi, and who used to wait upon her at table: she, loving her victuals pretty high seasoned, would often call for salt—*Sal me Gondi*; whence this relishing dish has obtained its name.

Dr. Zinchiella, at Padua, has published an essay, 'On the reasons why people use the right hand in preference to the left.' He will not allow custom or inclination to be the cause; but affirms, that the left arm cannot be in violent and continued motion, without causing pain in the left side, because there is the seat of the heart and of the arterial system. Nature herself, therefore, compels man to make use of the right hand.

Lines on a Mr. *Fudge*, aged 54, who was lately married at Winchester, (Virg.) to a Mrs. *Allgreen*, aged 44.

Then ne'er the pleasing truth disown,
That love can't live when youth has flown,
For here a wedded pair is seen
In age all dry, in love *Allgreen*.

The following masterly portrait of petticoat government, is from a little poem, entitled, "*Mador of Moor*," by the shepherd bard of Ettrick, and is extracted for the benefit of that doubly fortunate class of men, hen-pecked husbands, of which I have the unspeakable pleasure of being one. PETER PATIENCE.

Woe to the hapless wight, self-doomed to see
His measures warp'd by woman's weak control;

Woe to the man, whate'er his wealth may be,
Condemn'd to prove the everlasting growl,
The fret, the plaint, the babble and the scowl!

Yet such out number all the stars above!
When sponsal'd pairs run counter soul to soul,

O there's an end to all the sweets of love!
The ray of heav'nly bliss, which reason should improve.

A gentleman farmer, writing to another, states, "That from the state of the weather he had been obliged to get up his hay in such a hurry, that the stack would have taken fire, but *luckily* it was so wet it would not burn."

A tailor was lately engaged in a suit in Chancery, which he unfortunately lost:—"I regret his situation," said Lord Eldon, "for I dare say he thinks it the worst suit he was ever employed in."

The following beautiful song was sung at the celebration of last St. Andrew's day at Philadelphia, composed for the occasion by a Mr. PATTISON.

SONG—*St. Andrew's Day!*

Hail! to the day by St. Andrew made holy;
All hail! to his banner of azure and white!
From his spotless *saltier* drive melancholy!
On this sacred day, let us firmly unite.

Wild is the shore of the sons of the mountain!

And bleak are the rocks of our proud sea-girt isle;

But in your warm heart springs charity's fountain,

To change the poor emigrant's tear to a smile.

Let him then approach, who claims as a brother,

Tho' cheerless, deserted, and wretched his lot,

To him we are bound—to him, and each other;

Can Scotsmen by Scotsmen be ever forgot?

Now fill high the glass—to joys left behind us,

To Scotia's fair daughters!—the pride of our land!

While quaffing this wine—we swear they shall find us,

Still worthy to tread on our dear native strand.

The land which our Bruce and Wallace exalted!

Which Freedom and Glory have claim'd as their home,

Dear as our life's blood—shall find, when assaulted,

That tho' we are absent, we still are her own!

Fill high the glass, to this land so enchanting!

O! fill high the glass to the Thistle and Rose!

The Shamrock too, shall never be wanting,
When we meet here as friends—or feel insults from foes.

The Calumet's life—a glass to the "Stranger!"

In Columbia's fields our Thistle blooms green:

Drink to her brave Sons!—our equals in danger:

To her lovely daughters!—our sisters I ween.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE BANKER OF LOVE.

At the court of Olympus assembled by Jove,
'Twas agreed that a bank should be open'd
for Love,

And the gods all delighted, pass'd a decree,
That the son of fair Venus the Banker
should be ;

So in pity to mortals they sent him below,
To soften distress and to banish their wo :
For he debits and credits—the smile and the
kiss,

He's the Patron of joy, and the Banker of
bliss :

Of the firm of his house, Truth and Virtue
approve ;

And Hymen still audits the *balance* of Love.

Ere Commerce had shed on Britannia her
smiles,

Or science or arts had illumin'd her isles :
The fame of our Bank the whole globe had
confess'd

And its influence warm'd ev'n the savages
breast :

Philosopher's, Prelates, and Princes all
own,

That happiness flows from this Banker
alone ;

For he debits and credits—the smile and
the kiss,

He's the Patron of joy and the Banker of
bliss.

At home and abroad, or in peace, or in
war,

His *currency* never descends below *par* ;
Whether good news or bad, whether stocks
rise or fall,

The bills of this Banker ne'er lower at all—
For their holders all know that he ne'er in-
terferes,

With the deep speculations of *Bulls* and of
*Bears**

* The inuendo of this line is political, and
will be readily understood by the reader
when he is reminded that the piece appear-
ed originally in an English periodical work.

For he debits and credits—the smile and
the kiss,

He's the patron of joy and the Banker of
bliss.

He issues his notes from the *eyes* of the
fair,

And *I promise to pay* is the motto they
bear ;

His checks are all sign'd by dame Nature's
own hand,

To be fill'd up at pleasure, and paid on *de-*
mand ;

While his debts duly honoured, him credit
imparts

For the Banker of *Love* ever draws on the
HEART.

For he debits and credits the smile and
the kiss,

He's the Patron of joy, and the Banker of
bliss ;

Of the firm of his house, Truth and Virtue
approve,

And Hymen still audits the *balance* of Love.

From the Port Folio.

SONG.

How bright was my youth's early morn !

Ere reflection had clouded my brow,

I selected the rose from the thorn,

And was happy I hardly knew how.

I join'd in the sports of the plain,

With rapture I heard the bright song ;

In the dance I was first of the train,

And was gayest among the gay throng.

'Tis true, my heart oft breathed a sigh,

But it rose from mild pity alone ;

If a tear sometimes strayed from my eye,

It flowed not for griefs of its own.

No sorrow corroded my heart,

No falsehoods awaken'd a tear ;

For my bosom a stranger to art,

Believed every friend was sincere.

But ah ! these fair visions of youth,

Disappointment has chased from my
mind ;

And the friends whom I fancied all truth,

Alas, can be sometimes unkind.

I have seen the bright azure of morn,
With darkness and clouds shadowed o'er;
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which will wound when its bloom is no more.

The sigh that from sympathy rose,
Now heaves not for others alone;
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own.

SONG.

From Moore's Blue-Stocking.

Mr. orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, and the other
down so :

In each sentence he utter'd he gave you
your choice,

For one half was B alt, and the rest G be-
low,

Oh ! oh ! orator Puff,

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and
of frowns,

So distracting all ears with his ups and
his downs,

That a wag once, on hearing the orator
say

'My voice is for war, ask'd him which of
them; pray !'

Oh ! oh ! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy
with gin,

And rehearsing his speech on the weight
of the crown,

He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right
in,

'Sinking fund' the last words as his nod-
dle came down,

Oh ! oh ! &c.

'Good lord !' he exclaimed, in his he and
she tones,

'Help me out—help me out—I have
broken my bones !'

Help you out ? says a paddy who pass'd,
'what a bother !'

'Why, there's two of you there ; cant you
help one another ?'

Oh ! oh ! orator puff,

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

ON FIRE,

The following stanzas are said to be the ex-
temporaneous production of the illustrious
SHERIDAN. They are addressed to the
Ladies ELIZA and MARY BIRMINGHAM,
daughters of the late Earl of LOUTH.
The element is supposed to speak—

In Poets, all my marks you'll see,
Since flash and smoke reveal me ;
Suspect me always near NAT LEE ;
Even BLACKMORE can't conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow by art,
One flame intense and even,
In Shakspear's blaze ! a sudden start
Like lightnings flash'd from Heav'n.

In many more as well as they,
Thro' various forms I shift :
I'm gently lambent, while I'm GAY,
But brightest, when I'm SWIFT.

From Smoke, sure tidings you may get :
It can't subsist without me :
Or find me like some fond Coquet,
With fifty sparks about me.

In other forms I oft am seen,
In breasts of YOUNG and FAIR ;
And as the virtues dwell within,
You'll always find me there.

I with pure, piercing, brilliant gleams,
Can arm ELIZA's eye :
With modest, soft, ethereal beams,
Sweet MARY's I supply !

LINES

Written on the Sea Shore.

Thou pallid orb, that cheer'st the sky,
Now countless myriads, round, attendant
gleam :

I love to hail thy gentle presence, nigh,
And trace o'er yonder wave, thy cloudless
beam.

Thus, while I brave life's unrelenting
storm,
Do thou, soft hope, my rising tears con-
troul :

Pierce thro' the gloom, which deepest sor-
rows form ;

Illumine the wave, that would o'erwhelm my
soul.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1816.

Intelligence.

Recent experiments near Wilmington, (N. C.) for planting the Sugar Cane, prove that the soil and climate will answer well to cultivate that important plant.

A robbery was committed last week in Philadelphia, by three men, on a tavern keeper, by one of them first blinding him with the contents of a snuff box, while another snatched a bundle of notes out of his hand to the amount of between two and three hundred dollars, from which he was going to give them the change of a two dollar bill. The robbers got off.

On the 22d ult. in Pennsylvania, a man in a thick wood far from any habitation, cutting sled runners, was unfortunately mistaken for a bear by some hunters, and killed.

On Sunday evening last a man was knocked down senseless, by a blow on the head with a club, at the corner of Harman and Catherine-streets, and robbed of his watch, some money, and his pocket book, containing among other things three lottery tickets.

A most daring, and perhaps laughable robbery, was lately committed in England on a baker, who having set his sponge and prepared his oven over night for baking a large batch of bread in the morning, found, when he got up, to his inexpressible surprise, that some thieves had broke in and actually baked up the whole of his bread, and with a quantity of flour, had marched off without detection. They were heard at work by the neighbours during the night, but it was thought to be the bakers of the house.

Among the peculiarities of the late season, may be enumerated the uncommon quantity of Apples, not only in this country but in Europe.—In Europe, fine eating apples are said to have been sold for 3d and 4 pence a bushel.

Among the many plans suggested to benefit the poor, none perhaps deserves more consideration at this season, than that of saving fuel. For this purpose the more general use of cooking stoves is recommended, by which, at least, one third will be saved; and the giving or letting common stoves to the indigent, at a low rate, would be worthy the attention of a society for that purpose, which would rank among the most useful and humane.

A number of our most respectable citizens, with the best interests of society in view, have associated to take charge of an institution to be entitled "*The Saving Bank of New-York*," to be under the management of 50 directors. Its design, as expressed in the plan published, is to afford to the laboring classes, and others, a secure investment for such sums of money as they may be able to save, and may wish to deposit at interest; leaving them at liberty to withdraw the whole, or a part, whenever they may require it.

The following return of the Beeves, Calves, Sheep, and Hogs, brought to the three principal markets of this city, shews the number of these animals slaughtered in one year, from the first May to the 31st Oct. last, viz.—Beeves, 8020—Calves, 12,355.—Sheep, 55,466. Hogs, 3940 Total 79,781 heads; the market fees on which, amount to 5077 dollars.

On Saturday evening, the 30th ult. a Frenchman of genteel appearance attempted to put an end to his existence at Young's Hotel, Brooklyn. It appears he took so large a dose of laudanum as to cause an emetic operation; he however lay some time in an insensible state. He had written a paper stating the act was deliberate, and occasioned by misfortune.

A gentleman reached town on Wednesday last, who, on Monday, crossed the Hudson on the ice. He informs, that snow began to fall at Hudson on Monday night, and continued until he reached the Highlands. The probability is, that snow is still descending above the Highlands.—*Gaz.*

The weather here, during the present week has been remarkably mild for the season ; tho' somewhat disagreeable by several days of wet or foggy easterly weather.

From the Wilkesbarre (Penn.) Gleaner.

About two weeks since the wife of Mr. John Cobb of Providence in this county, observed a wolf following some sheep directly towards the house in which they lived ; and as her husband was absent from home, she immediately took down the rifle and approached the wolf, who stopped as she advanced. She levelled the piece at him and snapped it three times in succession without effect. Being convinced that the rifle would not go off, she resolved upon another mode of attack, and immediately approached the wolf who began to advance, and with the breech of the gun she struck him on the head, when the breech broke off ; not discouraged however, at this accident, she kept the wolf at bay with the barrel, and called to her son (a boy of about ten years) to bring an axe : who did so ; but as he approached, the wolf made towards him, when he threw the axe at the wolf and retreated.

The wolf immediately turned, and again attacked the woman ; who had in the mean time secured a club, with which she beat the wolf, and killed him without receiving any injury.

For the Benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

Aid us to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief.

A CONCERT AND BALL

Will be given by a number of Amateurs
of the *Philharmonic Society*,

On **TUESDAY** next, the 17th inst.

At 7 o'clock precisely,

AT WASHINGTON-HALL.

Tickets, *One Dollar* each, to be had at
all the Music Stores, and

At the bookstores of Messrs. Swords', 189
Pearl-street—of Mr. Goodrich, corner of
Cedar-street and Broadway, and at the
Bar of Washington-Hall.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Wilson J. Hunt, merchant, to Miss Ann Bowman, daughter of Mr. G. Bowman, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Onderdonk, Mr. Thomas Naylor Stanford, to Miss Sarah Maria Gale, daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Gale, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Archibald Falconer, merchant, to Miss Eliza B. Borland, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Malloe, Mr. James Walsh, to Miss Susan Nelson Coddington, both of this city.

Mr. Richard Field, merchant, to Miss Deborah Merritt, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Drummond, capt Henry Whelpley, to Mrs. Deborah Mosier, both of Greenwich, (Con.)

By the rev. Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Thomas Hamilton, to Miss Margaret Griffith, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Woodhull, col. Edward Griswold, of Newburgh, to Miss Jane Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, (L. I.)

At Boston, Mr. Thomas B. Parker, to Miss Ann Maria Martin, both of Boston.

OBITUARY.

DIED.

Suddenly, Mr. William Codman, many years a respectable merchant of this city, aged 52.

Mr. Thomas Horton, aged 29.

Mr. John Thompson, aged 77.

Mr. Alexander Fink, sen. aged 80.

Suddenly, Dr. Jacob V. Brower, aged 39.

Mrs. Hannah Hill, widow of the late capt. Joseph Hill.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, aged 53.

"Then, why lament departed friends,

"Or shake at Death's alarms,

"Death's but the servant Jesus sends

"To call us to his arms."

At Bloomingdale, after a few hours illness, Mr. John Meader, aged about 33—a stranger and a native of England.

In the 52d year of her age, Mrs. Ann King, wife of Mr. Abraham King.

Mr. John Russel.

At Metenicoek, (L. I.) capt John Hacker, aged 52, for many years a respectable shipmaster, out of the port of New-York.

OBITUARIES.

THERE is a sort of strange panegyric on the characters of the dead, now in vogue, which flattering as it may be to the feelings of the surviving relatives and friends, is nothing less than a downright outrage on truth and justice. De mortuis nil nisi bonum when fairly translated, amounts to this—every man below the ground is a saint, however infamous he may have been above. Not to tell even the truth wantonly, and for the purpose of wounding the feelings of relatives and friends, is undoubtedly a dictate of humanity, and holds equally true with regard to the living or to the dead. But if it has become necessary to speak of the dead, are we bound from motives of pure christian charity, to blister our tongues with burning falsehoods? Undoubtedly not! This false humanity breaks down all the barriers between virtue and vice. Further, it is an awful thing for poor, weak, infallible mortals, presumptuously to arrogate to themselves the judgments of the Almighty. It is an ordinary thing to read in our obituaries that the deceased is now enjoying the blessings of heaven, and the smiles of an approving God. Surely it is enough to say that the deceased died with christian tranquility and resignation, in the humble hope of a blessed immortality, without attempting to interfere in the awful prerogatives of omnipotence. There is another mode for delineating the characters of the dead, which is by the use of terms so general and indistinct, as to leave no distinct impression upon the mind. Thus for instance to say that a man "lived esteemed, and died lamented by his friends and acquaintance," is a mode of commendation equally applicable to the bed of honour as to the gallows. The following may be regarded as an attempt of this kind.

Yesterday died, after a short malady, *Silver Grey*. He was always found in the path of duty. Although he was by hard destiny compelled to suffer many privations, to endure all the severity of misfortune yet patient, humble, and meek—he was never heard to murmur

or to utter a sigh of discontent. Misfortune he seemed to regard as inevitable, and with a fortitude seldom known, he submitted to what he could not alter. It may with truth be said, that his tongue was a stranger to calumny. During all the intemperate violence of party, his constancy remained unshaken, and he was equally the friend of the federalists and of the democrats—at all times unaffected by the slanders of either party, he was ready to yield to both, all the assistance in his power, and was ever ready to bear their burdens. A character so amiable—a fidelity so unexampled, a constancy so unshaken, made him the common favourite of all parties; and he literally wore out his life in the service of his friends. But how cold is human friendship—how insensible to great, generous and disinterested services—how prone to ingratitude for favours the most important!—This mild, docile, amiable and affectionate character, when unable from age and sickness to render his kind services, was suffered to die without assistance—not an eye shed a tear over his expiring agonies—and when dead, even the cold rites of a sepulchre were denied him. Readers, repress your tears, for this is not the character of a man, but of a HORSE —*Baltimore Federal Republican*.

Levellers are generally the dupes of designing men, who, taking advantage of their superior abilities, are for pulling all above them down, in order to set themselves up. Thus too, free-thinkers, who are naturally impatient of all religious control, decry revelation; not doubting that, if reason be allowed as king, they shall get into the first places of its government.

THE MUSEUM

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